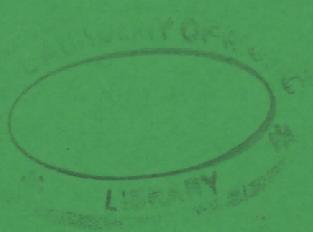


The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

No 244 Summer 1987



The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

The RAM Magazine
(Founded 1900)

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Incorporating the Official Record of the RAM Club

Editor Robin Golding

No 244 Summer 1987

Royal Academy of Music
Marylebone Road, London NW1 5HT

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I regret that, as Editor of the *Magazine*, and 'redundant' Registrar of the RAM, I do not find myself in a position to write an appropriate, honest and printable Editorial for this issue.

À la recherche d'un Festival Messiaen

Melanie Daiken

Right now, a blackbird is inventing tunes on a plane tree, May 1987; perhaps it is the same one that sang on our roof dawn after dawn last spring. No sign from the Messiaens—summer after summer wirelesses droned in their rooms at Marcadet-Poissonière. Roger Steptoe persuaded me to phone one evening. Messiaen's voice answered '... Yes, it seems a good idea, this Festival.' 'Il y a un merle, Maître, qui chante depuis trois heures sur notre toit...' 'Ah oui, je sais—un blacberd!' For no apparent reason Radio 3 put on Messiaen as composer of the week; people pricked up their ears—it seemed like a sign.

The build-up

September 1985. Suddenly a letter from the Fête at Vizille: 'Si vous voulez faire un séance Messiaen, il faut ...'

March 1986. Paul Patterson and I with beret and little Palm Sunday cross made a trip to Maida Vale studios, the rehearsals of *Saint François* to talk about the programme: it must be practical, must take account of the Academy's means, 'Il faut faire l'Opéra' said Loriod in confidence, 'ça c'est la solution' (but it was not to be).

May 1986. In search of the Messiaens at the Bath Festival. We tracked them down at a *Sept Haikai* rehearsal with George Benjamin. 'There are still too many things on the programme—lunch-hour concerts? Pas de déjeuner?'. But they were intrigued by the Conservatoire idea. We revelled in the grandeur of her *Vingt Regards*, in Tristan's talk down by the Bristol wharves, in the stunning *Turangalila* in Wells Cathedral. Things began to crystallise.

July/August 1986. At the King's Lynn Festival in search of Murail. We all sat round a table by the estuary, blithe but uneasy, Tristan and Françoise, George Benjamin and John Carewe—the Festival was still only an idea. We talked of possibilities, then soared up to the vast desolate Wash. The pale beaches stretched for miles by an empty seaside—*Sables, Sillages*—echoes of Le Havre, sibling port of King's Lynn. Still no final confirmation from the Messiaens.

Then 8 August 1986 from Lake Lafrey, Isère, a letter: 'Voici ce que je peux faire...' Some clarifications, some demands we could not yet meet; but this was the step that plunged us all into action.

October 1986. Opulent Westminster Cathedral. The new organ piece and Jennifer Bate; a brief meeting with Loriod and Messiaen; further soundings on personnel—ondistes, pianists, organists, chefs.

Then a host of difficulties and hurdles:

(1) Crossed wires with the agents, two London ones, two in Paris, and myself at the Academy. Somewhere in the World the Messiaens, out of touch.

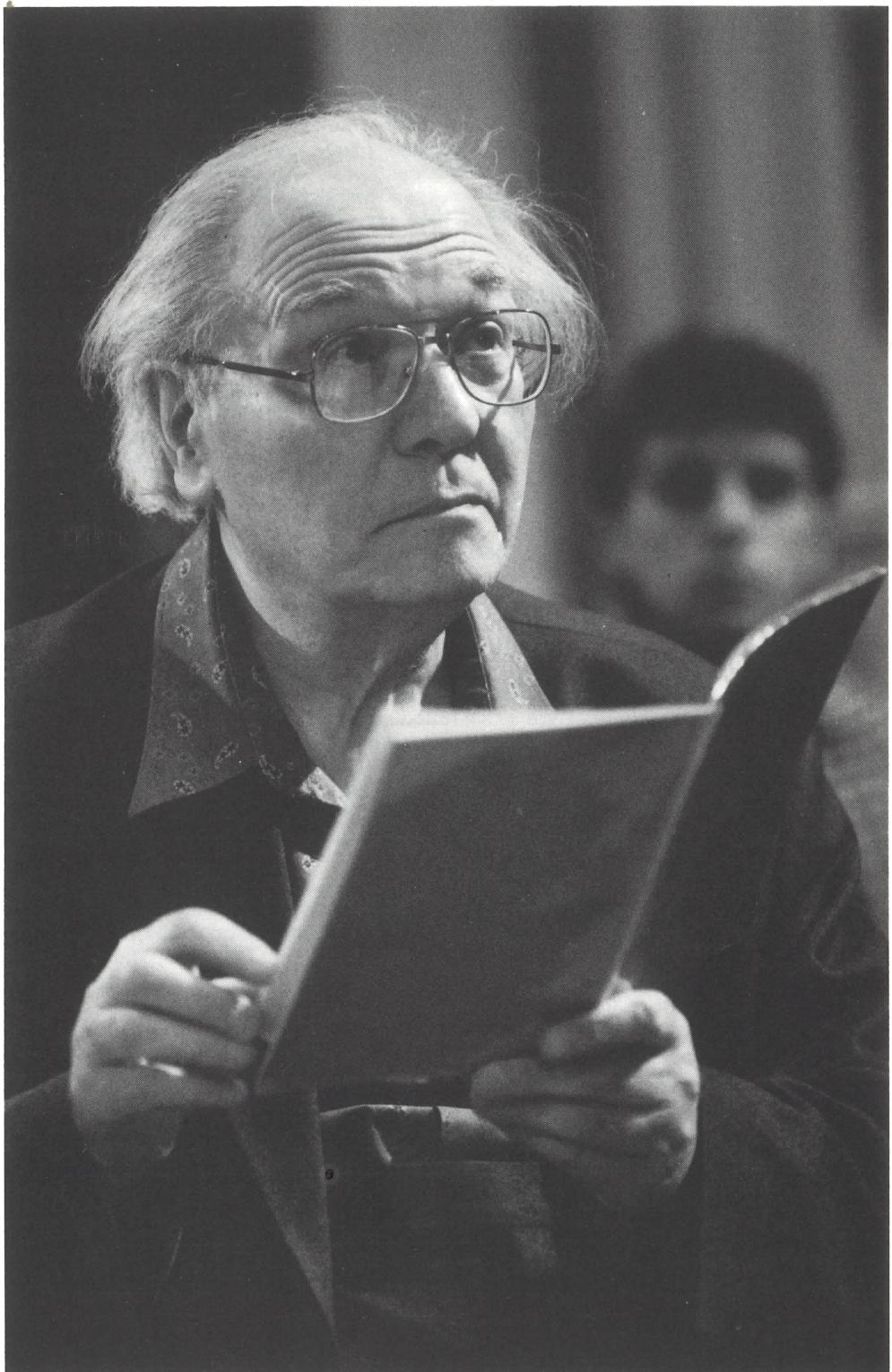
(2) Sponsorship stalemate; then suddenly luck with two or three sources, and the programme begins to fall into shape, after about fifty drafts.

(3) Trouble with the organ master-class: David Sanger agrees, the Messiaens salute Sanger. Then Messiaen's continuing misgivings about organ master-classes, and our plans grind to a halt.

(4) A slough of despond. Paul gets ill, I get ill; Roger holds the fort.

(5) The budget seems impossible but Mr Bliss finds a way.

(6) The Messiaens change the piano master-class date to a



Messiaen at a rehearsal

Photograph by Suzie E Maeder

Sunday, when the Academy is shut—then the Principal fixes St Marylebone Church and saves the day.

(7) A last blow: in the hard snowfall of January 1987 a letter from Loriod; 'Nous sommes malades, tous les deux', but nevertheless enclosing a final agreed programme. The Messiaens, uncertain of their health, were sheltering in their Marcadet flat practising and trying to get well, not answering their phone and only communicating by letter with Madame Everaert. George advised strongly: 'leave them alone for the moment'. I took Hans Werner Henze's advice and sent flowers and then more flowers with 'Bon courage'. Roger had already brought out the leaflet in *tricolor* and ordered the *Tricolore*, and the whole Academy was geared up to the Festival. There was nothing for it but to take a ferry over and sort out the whole question of the contracts once and for all. A deputation of three of us took the *Pride of Free Enterprise* to Calais.

From the gothic Hôtel des Étrangers we arrived at 10 o'clock outside the Bureau de Concerts Maurice Werner, so often written to. We climbed the stairs, then hesitated: the office had vanished and become a building site and was spirited away. Roger gasped, but no, it was all right: just round the corner in the old office sat a smiling Madame Everaert. 'Yes, provisoirement if all goes well with leur santé yes as planned merci pour les jolis fleurs.' Some slight amendments with Allied Artists in London.

Roger returned horrified by the clamour of a Sealink crossing, having missed the Townsend Thoresen. Moules marinières at the Gard du Nord. On we went in search of Tristan Murail, rue Voltaire, an area east of the Arc de Triomphe and the Bastille, to find him amidst his roomful of DX7s and samplers; further deals clinched, endless journeys on the Périphérique, eyed buildings, a brief visit to Versailles: snow-covered statues outside—inside thoughts of a new Academy décor in the pinkish light.

Sunday morning at Sainte-Trinité church in the frost. Messiaen plays not knowing we were there. We asked the priest if we could talk to him but—'no not before the service he always meditates'—and after he was whisked away.

'C'est pour nous'

'... Quelle joie, Maître, vous nous avez donné à l'Académie. C'est une joie qui rayonne, qui dure. Je vous remercie, Maître, pour votre avis et votre enseignement, je vous souhaite de la bonne santé et du bon travail—pour toujours! Je vous remercie, Madame, pour votre cours magnifique, quels souvenirs dans nos coeurs, quel joie de votre jeu! On espère une rentrée, des cours, des concerts, quoique ça soit.'

Tuesday 17 March lunchtime. A plethora of golden shamas. A ballet of voices in *Rechants*. On the ferry from Dover for the *Liturgies* rehearsal Tristan arrives from Norway via Paris. Our four French-speaking stewards, Gaeton, Jacques, Florence and Roxanna are on hand.

They are flying over now. At the White House foyer we wait a little nervously. Suddenly they are there, Messiaen in a heavy Russian black greatcoat and purple scarf, white hair tossed by the March winds, hat ('Ce n'est pas de la Russie, c'est de Strasbourg') she in relaxed mood, smiling, warm ('La voilà, la petite Mélanie'). Madame Everaert had told us that they would certainly want a rest after the double journey Lugano-Paris,

Paris-London, but Messiaen was excited: 'Isn't it *Chronochromie* tonight?' A quick message to the Academy. They were coming to the concert after all.

Arrival of the Messiaens, Paul on the Academy steps, arms open. They slipped past the pillars of Megan's green-gold trophies of daffodils, and in to the audience, but somehow everybody knew. Stravinsky's *Symphonies of Wind Instruments* had a hard time staying sombre, and Nicholas Cleobury's *Chronochromie* blazed. The Debussy, tenderly tentative, created a fragrant dominant pedal for *Liturgies*.

... *Liturgies*... those naive major fragments of the Trinité choir that freezing 25 January the Sunday before the ferry, those melodies, a little awkward and a little late from the Paris congregation, that small white head at the console, the briefcase, a flash of lightning improvisation in Mode 1, notices stuck on the church walls in a simple hand: 'Soupe chaude à la Trinité pour les pauvres',—'Jai eu faim et vous m'avez donné à manger... j'ai eu soif et vous m'avez donné à boire... j'étais un étranger et vous m'avez accueilli'. Children run from their mothers' arms on to the platform, the altar for the communion...

Liturgies at the Academy: coloured dresses like orchids, like rhododendrons, an effulgent burst of glory from the choir—the ondes were molten laser beams, the piano cascaded. Afterwards the Maître a little puzzled. 'In England, does whistling mean they are angry?' 'No, no, in England, Maître, whistling means pleasure.' Silence. 'And what if they don't like it then, the public?' 'Here, we just look sad, we say nothing if we don't like it.'

On their way out, Loriod is captivated by the little Henry Wood Room: 'Regarde, Messiaen, c'est pour nous!'

'Ça ira'

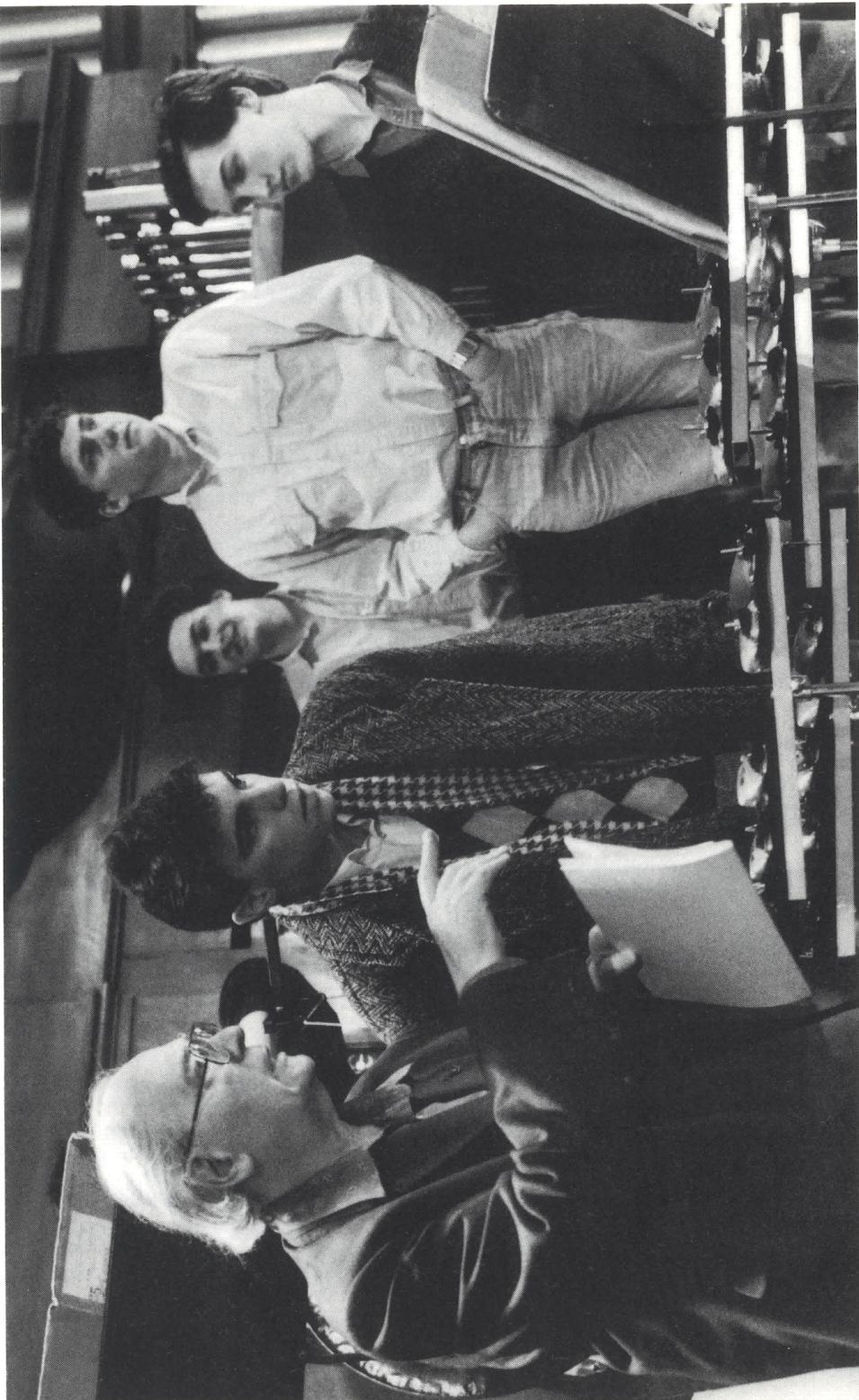
Wednesday 18. A glimpse behind the scenes: our pianists are on Channel 4 TV, the barometer of activity rises. A double booking: 'Release Jenny Tilley and the percussionists for the *Canyons* rehearsal, Carewe is seething'. Strange black dust lies thick on the Steinway keyboard; down to Hilda for a damp cloth; all is well, Loriod wipes the keys athletically. Somewhere a chain of interviews is taking place with the excellent Maniura-Crossley team.

Messiaen in rehearsal: first the tam-tam is inspected, then the gongs—brand new but are they the right pitch? Some platform points for Colin Metters, some details: 'The attacks of the gongs need more force... the woodwind trio is good... a thirty-second silence will do between each piece... the strings must move in *Offrandes*... Bravo—ça ira!' Enter George Benjamin: he shares the score of the Roussel which Messiaen stays on to hear. 'A lot is predictable, but there are moments of great originality, a curious work.' Later, Messiaen snips the Student Common Room ribbon and accepts with bemused delight a yellow and a red T-shirt from Nicholas and Nigel and the Students' Union.

The great silences of *Et exspecto*, jeopardised until Rita Castle became watcher on the ramparts, our Brangäne... After the performance, again an ovation; autographs in the Principal's room—'To M Colin Metters, who conducted my score of *Et exspecto* with such force and courage—I salute you'.

'Jouez legato je vous prie'

Thursday 19 a.m. The Maître entered the cold bright church: a



Photograph by Suzie E Maeder

Messiaen with the percussion section

stark table, two chairs—on one side Felix Aprahamian, on the other Jennifer Bate—Messiaen in greatcoat and scarf moved quite naturally into his much-tried rôle of adjudicator: ‘Merci Mademoiselle, Merci Monsieur...’ Veiled TV cameras round the console; a vagrant gypsy girl, frantic with paper bags, tore out. White ceiling of St Pancras, studded with blue, white rays through the vitrine on to the white head, cold stone.

Prolonged discussion in the vestry. A difficult decision and a speech. ‘Le premier c'est M Carlton Hetherington, [recte Etherington!], nice registration; deuxième Mlle Joan Morris. Some general points: nobody played badly, there was nothing bad, . . . but I implore you to play legato!’ Back to the RAM for interviews. Strange anonymity of this little out-of-the way event, the organ prize.

'They didn't let us down'

At lunchtime the curlew and the estuary saw their light of day.

Later, at the *Turangalila* rehearsal, a lot of fussing about the placing of the ondes: ‘Yes, in the end you must suit the hall’, said Messiaen. They both look tired. A queue for autographs. They must rest for the double concerts of *Turangalila* and *Canyons* on Friday and Saturday. However, we asked Messiaen to return from his hotel for one hour only to hear the *Quatuor*.

A beautifully presented Charles Uzor work; we had to leave during *Harlequin* to collect Messiaen. Messiaen waited quietly in the flurry of the returning audience, wine glasses in hands, for the *Quatuor*. ‘It's a work of my jeunesse: it's a long time since I heard it’. Wizardry and space of the Prescott clarinet solo; hewn strength of the Scott Mitchell leadership; tears from the hall in the cello solo. ‘Maître—M John Streets, M John Davies—they helped train the players’. Messiaen beamed ‘Merci’. John Davies: ‘Thank you for writing it!’ A delighted John Streets: ‘They didn't let us down’.

Afterwards, at the reception: ‘Bravo Anthony, I told you to play it as if you were in love’. Messiaen was reserved but glowing, but we had promised Madame a 9 pm return—‘O vraiment, il est dix heures? Ma femme sera fâchée.’ I accompanied the Maître to the 8th floor via the Doric pedestal-button lift that fascinated him. I didn't want to leave until I knew that everything was all right. Messiaen knocked, a few words, then confided to me ‘Ça va, ça va, n'ayez pas de souci, elle n'est pas fâchée, elle est très contente’.

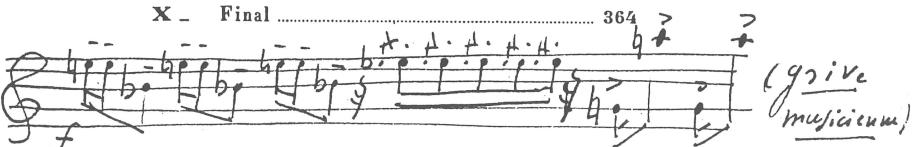
The brave ship 'Temeraire'

Friday 20. The action quickens. Excitement gives way to euphoria—it's *Turangalila* tonight and *Canyons* tomorrow with Carewe at the helm, brilliantly liaising the Messiaens with the student band—the key humour. Yvonne Loriod, heroine to Carewe's hero, switched from *Turangalila* to *Canyons* in a day.

Somehow the Festival had taken off and was now on its way freewheeling, a hint of sky in the air, of migration, a sense of only two days more. No, the *Turangalila* score hasn't been stolen, that was another time in Rouen many years ago. Mr Bliss turns two hundred away at the door. The Duke's Hall is stifling, jam-packed; Mr Bliss looks up uneasily at a vast film apparatus poised on the balcony.

A turbulent swing-in by the whole glossy-violent band. Shattering waves broke through the poor Duke's Hall. Afterwards

à mon cher ami Félix Aprahamian, qui depuis si longtemps défend ma musique en Angleterre, en souvenir de la réu audition de "Turangalila" par Walter Goehr, avec Yvonne Loriod, J. Maudlow, et le London Symphony Orchestra, le	
26 et 27 Juin 1953 à TABLE Londres-	
avec toute ma fidèle amitié - Bien affectueusement	Olivia Messiaen
y ajouté un chans d'antan:	Olivia Messiaen
(grise musicien)	Olivia Messiaen



NOTE

L'auteur a conçu "Turangalila-Symphonie" comme un tout. Il désire donc que les exécutions de l'œuvre soient intégrales et sans interruption.

Si le chef d'orchestre désire cependant faire un entr'acte, celui-ci peut se placer entre le no V et le no VI.

L'œuvre totale dure 1 heure 1/4. Si cette longue durée effrayait un chef d'orchestre, et que celui-ci désire donner une exécution partielle de l'œuvre, l'auteur se permet de lui suggérer, en ce cas, quelques sélections possibles :

1º Les nos III (Turangalila 1), IV (Chant d'amour 2), V (Joie du sang des étoiles). Cette sélection est la meilleure, elle a déjà été pratiquée plusieurs fois.

2º Les 3 Turangalila, dans cet ordre: nos VII, IX, III.

3º Un "raccourci" de toute la symphonie : nos I (Introduction), VI (Jardin du sommeil d'amour), II (Chant d'amour 1), IV (Chant d'amour 2), X (Final) – dans cet ordre.

Le no VIII, constituant le grand développement des éléments thématiques de l'œuvre, ne peut absolument pas figurer dans une sélection.

Par contre, on peut jouer isolément le no V (Joie du sang des étoiles), qui se suffit à lui-même.

Envoi à mon frère Félix, nous nous retrouvons en Angleterre,
à Liverpool! avec un magnifique programme de "Turangalila"
vidéofixé vous! Merci et toutes mes bonnes affections!
Olivia Messiaen, Liverpool, 12 mai 1968.

we ushered them from the seabed of the Green Room to bask in the reception and the Principal's affectionate speech. Messiaen happily responding 'émerveillé par la force et la jeunesse des étudiants...'

Canyons and Calor gas

Saturday 21. Plans for Mass on the Sunday: Westminster Cathedral or Brompton Oratory? But the timing is wrong. St James's Spanish Place?—but too late. Finally settled on Farm Street, to be taken by Timothy Baxter and Alex Kelly (despite rumour that it had no roof). Meanwhile at St Pancras Church no heat and no light. Loriod swept aside Dick Witts with her brows. A quick calling of the clans at the Academy to consider a change of venue, while Tristan and Françoise played *Vampyr* and *Forbidden City* to the Juniors. We had sorted out all the paraphernalia of podium and percussion and pulpit at St Pancras: how could we now return the concert to the Academy? Besides, we would lose our audience between the two venues. Five Calor gas heaters burning at full strength would just about do the trick. Off with the car then, in search of several full canisters: they will remember our cold Protestant churches.

No microphones either at the church. At our pre-concert talk we shouted like Old-Testament prophets to our craned gathering. Engraved on stone tablets were our speeches of praise, our stories of studies with Messiaen. Felix Aprahamian chaired the orators but we will never know whether anybody heard anything.

At the concert Messiaen pointed to the Academy bag that held his scores: 'You can take it when I go up at the end'. He was distressed at the idea of an interval—there shouldn't be one in *Canyons*. 'We know Maître, but the large canvas... the audience's concentration... the hard pews...' Tristan, George and I cocooned him with stories, banter, tales of travel, repartee, till the interval was over. Loriod gleamed in the vestry in Mayan taffeta, her *Canyons* dress. Loriod, orange-gold in her virtuosity, like a glorious bird among the stones. Michael Thompson regal in his pulpit—'Maître Corbeau, sur un arbre perché' giggled Messiaen later.

Outside, motor horns a third below sired in perfect canon with the horn... the St Pancras church bells struck the quarter-hour along with the tubular bells... there was real wind from the eoliphone and real sand in the geophone. During the applause Messiaen and Loriod edged their way along the ledges of real canyons, their only rockhold the Steinway. The platform had no steps: 'George, we must get them down!' 'Don't worry, they are loving it up there.'

Hé-ho, le vent et la pluie

The Sunday master-class at St Marylebone; the church opened, just in time. The arranging of the little tables with their lace cloths, an oval one for Madame, an oblong for le Maître, George interpreting at the microphone. The format: conseils from the Maître, interpretative follow-up from Madame.

'You must play all the notes all the time; play with your fist, your arm, whatever is necessary!' Points made on nuance, velocity, tempo indications, arranging of hands, gestures, the importance of the Messiaen modes within the harmony, the

importance of the study of harmony. Green and pink birthday cake piping of the church, chandeliers, rolled-up carpets. To Andrew 'How you must play legato'... to Eve 'The heartbeat of the baby in the womb is tout doux, not violent'... to James 'Ah le virtuose! You should play a programme of the *Hammerclavier*, the Liszt Sonata, *Lavapies* of Albéniz, and Balakirev's *Islamey*'. Messiaen, with pride: 'When I was a student the most difficult piece was *Islamey*, but my *Esprit de joie* is more difficult than that! It is the most difficult of all!'

It is six o'clock. Constant drizzle outside. The audience have been standing enthralled. A few speeches, some hellos at the altar, a brief signing session—then 'Make a space please for the Messiaens', and down the aisle they go goodbyes at the door, the white carriage is waiting, hugs for Suzanne and the children, kisses for the little boy... 'Maître, why rain after five days of sunshine?' 'Ah, that's your England', he sang in G minor; 'Hé-ho le vent et la pluie' that's from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. In the morning Robert Slotover would take them to the airport: away they go with angels' wings.

We heard later that there had been that night a little salon concert at Felix Aprahamian's, that in fine form Messiaen sang Figaro and Yvonne accompanied. Au revoir Maître, au revoir Madame. Will she return to play Mozart 21 with our orchestra?

A 'cours' at Avignon in July, a flurry of reviews, enchantment of the press, Malcolm Crowther's photos, an exchange of letters...

... a generation of students will remember, will pass on.

Olivier Messiaen

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GRAND COMMANDER DE LA LÉGION D'HONNEUR
COMMANDEUR DES ARTS ET LETTRES
GRAND CROIX DE L'ORDRE NATIONAL DU MÉRITE
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For months the excitement had grown...
'Would they come, would they come, could they possibly come?'
There were various crises—some small, some more grave, but
Still the preparations went on: orchestras rehearsed,
Pianists played through pages of difficult music
Looking for the kindest Regards; singers searched for their
Notes, plucking them from the air more by good luck than by
Skilful management; and so it went on—hopes, fears,
Doubts, speculations. And the world watched. 'Of course.
They wouldn't come, of course they'd cry off', the Academy at
Last had over-reached itself; this time they were flying too
High; disaster was bound to come sometime it was
Inevitable. They were flying too near greatness, the
Wax would melt from their arrogant wings, and
Icarus-like they would deservedly fall from the sky'...

...And then they came: no fanfares, no introductions, no grand
entrances;
They slipped, almost, but not quite unnoticed into the
First of the evening concerts.

And all was well.

From then on nothing would, could, go wrong
(There were hitches, of course—trouble with
Pianos, with lighting, heating, the usual miscalculations over
Arrangements, but the tuner, the technician, and a whole
hardworking
Ever-willing staff set to and got things
Right in the end. Nothing much mattered, except that
They were here; they had arrived, and they stayed.
Tumultuous prolonged applause greeted every performance.
In the concert hall cheers rang to the high coved ceiling, on and
On and on. *HE* like some quiet benign presiding
Deity sat through rehearsal after rehearsal, concert after concert;
She practised, and with commanding effortless ease performed
Prodigies of virtuosity in hours of difficult demanding music,
Without a score, without blemish, without apparently turning a
hair.

The week winged its way; from
Canyons of nervous apprehensions to stars of
Radiant effulgence. We sat, enthralled,
Through the unending song of birds, the
Vision of the Resurrection, and through great melodious
Hymns of Love, human and divine. And at the
End the skies opened and Heaven held us
Entranced. Surely life can never be the same
Again, surely it can only be better? More
Joyous, more easily endurable, until the next
Visitation? The music dies, the echoes
Linger; Light endures for ever.

Paul Patterson at
forty

Nigel Clarke

Paul Patterson celebrated his fortieth birthday on 15 June and has already had several birthday concerts paying tribute to his music. As a composer he has travelled through modernism, developing a very immediate musical language that he calls 'New Realism'. The appeal of this approachable style to both audience and musician is reflected in the enormous amount of performances of his music all over the world.

At forty, Paul has much to be proud of, with commissions and regular performances from most leading British orchestras and ensembles. He has been featured in major British festivals such as Edinburgh, the Proms, Bath, Cheltenham, Norwich and Greenwich, and has been given his second major commission from the Three Choirs Festival for 1988. Apart from his life as composer and professor at the RAM he has held posts as South East Arts Composer-in-Residence, Director of Contemporary Music at the University of Warwick, and Head of Electronics for the London Sinfonietta. He is no stranger to the world of television, with over fourteen film scores to his credit, most notably the Hammer House of Horror film series, the music to *Omnibus* and a BBC musical, *The Dancing Princess*.

Internationally Paul Patterson is a force to be reckoned with; British orchestras and ensembles such as the Philip Jones Brass Ensemble, the Nash Ensemble, and the London Sinfonietta give performances throughout the world at important venues. The PJBE have played his brass work *Deception Pass* in Germany, Italy, Japan and the USA and in concert halls ranging from Carnegie Hall to the Berlin Philharmonic Hall, while the Nash Ensemble have given many performances of his chamber work *At the still point of the turning world* abroad. He has a very close professional association with groups and orchestras overseas, with a recent commission from the European Community Chamber Orchestra for the European Music Year 1985. The Polish Chamber Orchestra under Jerzy MakSYMUK commissioned his *Sinfonia* for strings, Op 46 in 1982 and have played a number of other works of his in the most prestigious contemporary festival in the world, the Warsaw Autumn Festival. This has firmly rooted his *Sinfonia* in the string repertory. Further foreign triumphs have included the Cologne Opera Ballet in several collaborations, most notably *In der Wildnis* and his *Sax Tanse*. The King's Singers have used his choral work *Time Piece* as a personal flagship at every opportunity, performing it many hundreds of times.

Polish television have made a documentary film on his life and work this year, while the Polish Minister of Culture presented him with the Polish Medal of Honour, a rare distinction for composers outside Poland.

In 1981 Paul entered a stylistic transition period. His *Concerto for Orchestra* (1981) shows a milder harmonic language than that used in earlier works such as the *Requiem*, but still has heavily syncopated rhythmic invention and orchestral texture. The success that has followed this new style has led to his being the sixth composer ever to be commissioned by the Huddersfield Choral Society in their 150-year history. Vaughan Williams was commissioned for their 100th anniversary, William Walton for their 125th and Paul Patterson for their prestigious 150th anniversary concert. Paul was commissioned by the Australian Wine Company, Leeuwin Estate, to write a short set of orchestral variations for the LPO in a royal gala concert in the RFH, conducted by Klaus Tennstedt for the Save the Children Fund.



Paul Patterson

Photograph by Suzie E Maeder

The work, called *Upside Down Under Variations*, has now been performed many times in Australia and it has become a tradition that visiting orchestras play it as an encore at the end of concerts, as the work is based on a famous Australian folk tune.

In conclusion I must mention his contribution to choral writing. *Voices of Sleep* (1979) was commissioned by the Western Washington State University and performed at the Proms; this was his second large-scale work for chorus and orchestra (after the *Requiem*) that has launched him to the forefront of choral writing in Great Britain. These, and other more recent works like *Stabat Mater*, *Mass of the Sea* and *Missa Brevis* (several of which can be found on record) have led him to travel the world giving lectures on his choral writing. In a relatively short time as a composer Paul Patterson has entered the history books. This is good for English music as well as the international reputation he is earning himself and other British composers. We wish him even more success for the next forty years and eagerly await his new compositions.

Obituary

**Frederick Grinke
1911–87**

Manoug Parikian



Photograph by John Vickers

With the death of Fred Grinke the musical world has lost not only a fine violinist and teacher but a generous and kind-hearted man. He was born in Winnipeg on 8 August 1911 and studied at the RAM with Rowsby Woof, continuing his studies privately with Carl Flesch and Adolph Busch. It was a measure of his popularity among his colleagues that he was unanimously chosen by the players to lead the Boyd Neel Orchestra for the legendary Salzburg Festival of 1937 when Britten's *Variations on a theme of Frank Bridge*, commissioned and given its first performance by the orchestra, caused such a stir in musical circles.

He served in the RAF during the war and returned to professional life, enhancing his reputation as a teacher and a soloist dedicated to promoting works by contemporary composers of distinction such as Vaughan Williams, Rubbra and Berkeley. He always regarded the Academy as a home-from-home and devoted all his energies to teaching generations of students who are, I know, grateful for his guidance and wisdom. His resignation from the RAM at a comparatively early age was unexpected but did him credit. He settled in Suffolk and continued to teach privately though he had to curtail his performing career because of a weak heart. The recent much publicised success of one of his pupils was a well-deserved but belated recognition of his qualities as a dedicated musician and a warm-hearted colleague. Never assertive, always eager to help young student or old colleague he leaves an enviable reputation as an outstanding figure in British music of the last half century. He was honoured with the CBE in 1979. He leaves a widow, Dorothy (a staunch and loyal support all his professional life) and a son, Paul, a distinguished antiquarian bookseller and scholar.

Max Gilbert

It was my singular good fortune to be a contemporary student at the RAM with Fred Grinke. In his first year here he had already shown his outstanding talent as a violinist. As the leader of his string quartet he was a great inspiration and carried the rest of us along with infectious enthusiasm and instinctive deep musicality.

We stayed together on leaving, since he became leader of the Boyd Neel String Orchestra in time for our appearance at the Salzburg Festival of 1937, a singular honour as we were the first British artists ever to take part in that prestigious event. 1940 took us into the RAF Symphony Orchestra, where he shared the first desk with David Martin. He played concertos with us the length and breadth of England, often under harsh and unsuitable conditions, but his indomitable good humour was an example to us all to keep our mouths shut and get on with the job. These qualities he had influenced his contacts more than he could have dreamed.

After the war the six-month tour of Australia and New Zealand with the BNO brought him wildly enthusiastic tributes wherever we played, including, happily, for our Mozart *Sinfonia Concertante*. On our return he was so much in demand as a soloist and teacher that the rest of his life was devoted to recitals, his teaching at the RAM and privately, and as an international jurist.

His standard of integrity and code of behaviour will be cherished in the Academy by future generations who never met him personally.

Howard Davis

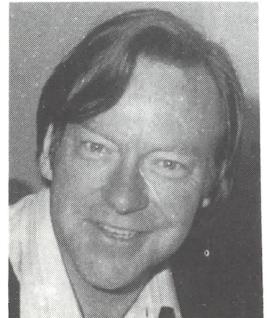
My earliest recollections of Frederick Grinke date from the 1950s, when, for me as a teenager in a youth orchestra in the Midlands, his occasional visits were the highlights of any course or concert. I can recall as though it were yesterday my first chance to play to him; the way I used the bow arm was changed for ever in what seemed like a matter of minutes, all done with a large-scale generosity, a kindness and an enthusiasm that one came to recognise as his unique qualities. The chance to join an orchestra of local string teachers to accompany the Bach E major Concerto provided me with another indelible impression; a wild and stormy night in a remote hilltop church was the background to a performance which swept us into another level of music-making. He carried us with him leaving many members of the orchestra, and, one imagines, the audience in tears at the end of the slow movement.

As a student with Fred only towards the end of my time at RAM I was able to observe, first as an outsider, his kindness to other professors' pupils—always an encouraging word, a smile from an examination board—and then to benefit from regular contact with his marvellously generous and outgoing personality. All his students seemed to play with enthusiastic enjoyment: they *relished* the violin. His qualities as a teacher seemed to develop even further as his playing career suffered its premature end. Playing to him occasionally and taking my students to him through the 1970s and early 1980s, one was aware that for him, violin playing was not a static art; he always had new ideas, new ways of thinking of things, often culled from his visits as an adjudicator on the boards of international violin competitions—'Oistrakh said this about...'; 'Gingold tried this with a student...', 'Szigeti suggested that...'.

His background of mainstream Academy tradition, followed by Carl Flesch and Adolf Busch and coupled with a uniquely warm and generous personality, made him an irreplaceable figure. Those of us lucky enough to have been his students have lost a father-figure, a guru and a final court of appeal in the world of violin playing and teaching. Hardly a day goes by without one or more of his former students being heard on the radio, and the fact that he managed to hear so many of these broadcasts and to be aware from Suffolk of all that was happening was typical of his commitment to the violin, to music and to his students.

Simon Lawman 1944–86

*Virginia Black and
Howard Davis*



Simon Lawman, who was a student at the Academy from 1962 to 1963, with flute as his Principal study, was a record producer who will be remembered with admiration, affection and enormous regard by all those who were fortunate enough to record for him. His short but amazingly prolific career as producer for CRD spanned only thirteen years, from 1973 to 1986, but he leaves a string of accolades for his work behind him. Never, it seems, was there a record company whose discs were so many times made record of the month, of the year, nominated for 'Grammy' awards, or praised by critics so regularly; and his belief in both his artists and the repertory jointly chosen and recorded, shows in every disc produced by him. At work he was single-minded, indefatigable, unfailingly cheerful and always encouraging; he found the pleasantest ways of saying tactfully 'Could you play it again please?'

His untimely death cut short a brilliant career; Simon Lawman was a dedicated musician who will be missed not only for his contribution to recorded music, but by all who crossed his path.

Terence MacDonagh 1908–86

Gareth Morris



Terence MacDonagh, who died on 12 September 1986, was an oboist whose outstanding qualities were apparent to all except himself. As a man he was much loved, and as an artist he earned the admiration of his colleagues; but also their sympathy and understanding, because he was a person of great sensitivity for whom playing was not easy. As with all fine musicians, his nature was revealed in his sound, and his temperament contributed to the intensity of his phrasing.

MacDonagh was born in 1908, the son of one of London's leading oboists and a nephew of Thomas MacDonagh, the eminent poet and Irish patriot, who was shot in 1917. The shade of his uncle, and the thought of his death, seemed always to be with this unusual and charming man, whose presence in a symphony orchestra had such an effect upon every listener.

After school in Belgium and studies at the RAM with Léon Goossens, whom he always regarded with veneration, it seems that he still found himself not ready to start his professional life; he departed for the Continent once more, to join Morel's class at the Paris Conservatoire and make use of the idiomatic French he had acquired during his Brussels schooldays. With such a distinguished training it was not surprising that he was able to return home to be principal oboe in Glasgow. The Scottish Orchestra there had given concerts each winter season since its foundation in 1893, and it took pride in the long roll of its great chief conductors. There, in an ensemble of high calibre, he served a short, useful probation until the foundation of the BBC Symphony Orchestra, which he joined in 1930 as its cor anglais player.

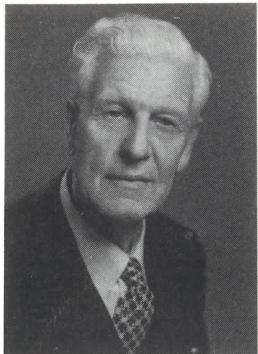
Back in London, he found many old friends, and fellow RAM students who were as brothers all their lives: Edward Walker was there, Gwynne Edwards too; and Lindo Southworth, that legendary, delightful figure who is known to his intimates as Flatiron, and to his confidants as Flat. There were great concerts; the nightly Proms at Queen's Hall with Sir Henry Wood; and sailing, cricket, golf, plus-fours and Dr Boult; and the visits of Koussevitzky, Walter, Ansermet, Malko and Beecham gave such colour and brilliance to those pre-war days, which ended with concerts directed by Toscanini. By then MacDonagh was first oboe in the orchestra, and that perfectionist maestro was so impressed by his solo in Rossini's *La scala di seta* Overture that he signed his oboe part after they had recorded it.

After the war, during which he was awarded the BEM, Sir Thomas Beecham asked him to come to his new Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and this was possibly the most rewarding period of his career; he was at his best in that particular woodwind section, with people who understood him well, and suited Beecham's imaginative style to perfection. Finally, after another few years with the BBC, Terence MacDonagh continued to teach his students at the RCM. They still listen to his lovely playing in many recorded performances of symphonic and chamber music, and we all think of the pleasure he gave us in other ways. He told me that the dreadful flooding of his house near the Thames at Hampton Court gave him the unusual delight of taking his dog out in a boat last thing at night.

L Gurney Parrott 1901–87

Guy Jonson

Leonard Gurney Parrott, who died at his home in Malta on 1 March in his eighty-sixth year, was Secretary of the RAM (the former designation of the present Administrator) for some twenty-three years. His connection with the Academy dated from



1924. Before this he had been an aerial photographer and instructor in the RAF at the School of Photography in Farnborough. In 1926 he was appointed successively Private Secretary to the Principal, Sir John McEwen, and, in the same year, Assistant Secretary to the RAM. In September 1927 he listened to the call of the East and spent two years in Ceylon as superintendent of a large estate. On his return in 1929 he was appointed Assistant to the Principal and Secretary of the Academy in 1933.

Gurney Parrott was something of a disciplinarian in relation to his staff, and this fact, coupled with a skilful administrative flair, enabled the Academy, under the far-seeing perception of Sir Stanley Marchant, to remain in Marylebone Road and to carry on its work unimpeded throughout the Second World War, when other similar institutions evacuated to the more secure realms of rural areas. Few, perhaps, were aware that behind the charm and self-effacement of his personality and the outward manifestations of his everyday work lay a mind that was already beginning to be, and was later to become, totally absorbed in the relation of the outer with the inner life and was intent upon the great fundamental truths of the Universe and man's relation to them. Our mutual interest in the philosophies of the East, in their interaction with Christian principles and the threads of basic law running through them all, brought about my being one of the few who were privileged to know a little of the 'inner man' of Gurney.

The comparatively early age of his retirement enabled him to travel again to the Far East, where he studied in an Ashram under his guidance, the teachings of the late Sant Kirpal Singh. The problems of the integration of these teachings with conventional day-to-day living prompted him to publish a book on the subject. When, after a number of sojourns in various parts of the world, he finally settled in Malta (and where incidentally I visited him in 1955 to find him studying on his own to sit Grade 8 piano!) he gathered together a group of like-minded persons, having been given the specific permission of Sant Kirpal Singh to impart his teachings.

His was a rare and many-faceted personality, and the various experiences, service to others and dedication of his life and work, combined to fashion a person whom it was a great privilege to know, and who will be sadly missed by so many.

Phyllis Tate 1911–87

John Gardner



Phyllis Tate, who died on 29 May, was a foremost member of that group of British composers whose success was partly built upon the new attitude towards women making a career in the writing of music that the talent, fortitude and persistence of Dame Ethel Smyth had engendered in the first quarter of the twentieth century.

She was born in Gerrard's Cross on 6 April 1911, the daughter of an architect. Her earliest musical activities were connected with experiments on a ukelele and it is interesting to note that, subtle and delicate though her art essentially was, it never lost a certain popular robustness. Indeed, some of the most telling events in her works arise from its rich mixture of styles which give it a uniquely personal quality, very like the humour which permeated her conversation and made her such a delightful companion.

It could be said that the lasting quality in music comes from the

cross-fertilisation of influences. Phyllis Tate certainly had a wide range of musical interests and quite late in life attended evening classes in African drumming. For someone whose first efforts were foxtrots in a Twenties' style, who was a fluent arranger of light commercial music in the Thirties, who had also produced the exquisite textures of the *Nocturne* and the Sonata for cello and clarinet, this was one more example of the exploratory field of the creative artist.

Phyllis Tate's education was at the hands of Harry Farjeon at the RAM, an institution at which, alas, she never taught, though it did her the signal honour of mounting her opera, *The Lodger*, in 1960. This highly effective piece is a rare example of a successful musical thriller which, like all good thrillers, was grounded upon psychological understanding and an authentic social atmosphere.

Though a devoted wife and mother (she only finished her string quartet in the nick of time for her daughter's birth in 1952) and, towards the end of her life, much afflicted by ill health, she produced a steady stream of impressive works, of which most people regard the saxophone Concerto of 1944 as her first significant achievement. There followed a variety of pieces for a variety of vocal and instrumental combinations (she was never one for stereotyped media), including a setting of *The Lady of Shalott* for tenor, viola, percussion and two pianos (1956), *Apparitions* for tenor, harmonica, string quartet and piano (1968), the *Sonatina Pastorale* for harmonica and harpsichord (1974), as well as many considerable choral works, such as the *Secular Requiem* (1967), *Christmas Ale* (1967), *Serenade to Christmas* (1972), *St Martha and the Dragon* (1976), and *All the World's a Stage* (1977).

Eschewing all doctrinaire precepts about how music should be composed, but possessing a truly professional technique allied to a very rare imaginative sensibility, Phyllis Tate will remain one of the outstanding British composers of her generation. Her music always sounded fresh and for that reason will never date.

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Reviews of New Books and Music

Robin Golding

David Brown: Tchaikovsky: The Years of Wandering, 1878–85 (Gollancz, £25).

The first instalment of David Brown's masterly critical biography of Tchaikovsky, entitled 'The Early Years, 1840–74', came out in 1978, and the second, entitled 'The Crisis Years, 1874–8', followed four years later. Now, as the third part of what was originally announced as a three-volume work, we have 'The Years of Wandering, 1878–85': the seven years following the composer's resignation from the Moscow Conservatoire in 1878, during which time he had no fixed home, but stayed either with his sister Sasha at Kamenka in the Ukraine, in the various country estates of his strange benefactress Nadezhda von Meck, or wandering restlessly in Western Europe (Florence, Paris, Clarendon, Berlin, Rome, Naples). As Dr Brown points out in his Preface, biographical study of Tchaikovsky during this period shows him 'at his most exposed; in his responses to ordinary occurrences and situations we may observe most clearly his idiosyncrasies and rapidly changing moods, his likes and dislikes, loves and hates, his common sense which could rise to wisdom, his kindness and compassion, his improvidence, pettiness,

prejudices, his perceptiveness and blindness in assessing personality and behaviour, his openhanded generosity and calculating deviousness, his gentle but constant envy of those whose sexual nature permitted them the experiences and joys of normal family life.'

The major works composed between 1878 and 1885, and discussed here, at appropriate points in the biographical narrative, in the penetrating (and far from uncritical) detail that we have come to expect from the author, include the operas *The Maid of Orleans* and *Mazepa*, the second piano Concerto, the *Italian Capriccio*, the Overture *1812*, the Serenade for strings, the piano Trio, the first three orchestral suites, and the *Manfred* Symphony. The list is not an impressive one, and contains no indisputable masterpieces, with the possible exception of *Manfred* (which is not to deny the popular success of the *Italian Capriccio* or *1812*). The unobtrusive scholarship of the previous volumes is maintained, as is the high quality of the profuse music examples and the rather indifferent reproduction of photographs (all of personalities relevant to this volume).

Dr Brown's Preface does not state unequivocally whether there is to be one further volume or more. If one, it will have to cover a lot of ground and discuss a number of works of far more importance than those covered by Volume III, including *The Queen of Spades* and *Iolanta*, *The Sleeping Beauty* and *The Nutcracker*, the fifth and sixth symphonies, *Hamlet*, *The Voyevoda* and *Souvenir de Florence*, to say nothing of a wide variety of smaller works, some of them incomplete. When the last volume does come it will presumably contain a complete index of works and persons (so far these have been restricted to references within the volume in question); and one hopes it may also contain a Tchaikovsky family tree and a map of Russia.

Notes about Members and others

Ralph Holmes (1937–84) is commemorated by the violin Concerto by Peter Dickinson, written to a BBC commission and first performed on 31 January in Leeds Town Hall by Ernst Kovacic and the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Bryden Thompson.

Francis Cameron writes that he continues to enjoy life as a freelance musician after taking early retirement from Oxford Polytechnic and guiding the musical components of its Honours degrees to a successful inauguration. At the moment he is organist of Iffley parish church, editor of *INFO*, the newsletter of the European Seminar in Ethnomusicology, and a committee member of the International Council for Traditional Music (UK Chapter). His 'Unexpected effects of fieldwork on a visiting musicologist', deriving from his experiences in Vanuatu, are published in *ICM UK Chapter Bulletin* 15.

The Muriel Taylor Award for cellists was won for the year 1987 by Matthew Barley, aged twenty-one, of Chetham's and the GSMD, who hopes to have further teaching with the Moscow school of teachers. The adjudicator was Christopher Bunting, and the award was, as usual, £1,000.

Chiyoko Nishioka gave a recital (Beethoven and Chopin) in St Peter's Church, Lexington Avenue, New York on 28 December, and repeated the programme in the Purcell Room on 5 May.

Clara Miller sang the part of Emilia in Handel's *Flavio*, mounted by the Cambridge University Opera Society and Selwyn College Music Society in Cambridge on 30 April and 1–2 May.

James Kirby won first prize in the senior section of the European Music for Youth Piano Competition UK finals.

Kathryn Harries was Donna Anna in Dargomyzhsky's *The Stone Guest* in the production by Keith Warner staged by ENO at the Coliseum on 23 April; the conductor was Paul Daniel.

Nigel Coxe has made a CD recording of eighteen short original pieces and folk song and dance settings 'dished up for the piano' by Percy Grainger, for Titanic Records of Somerville, Massachusetts (Ti-155).

'The Art of Janet Craxton' is the title of a recording issued by BBC Enterprises (BBC Artium REN 635X) featuring Janet Craxton (1929–81). The programme includes Mozart's Quartet in F for oboe and strings, K 370 and Elisabeth Lutyens's *O Absalom...*, Op 122 (both with Perry Hart, Brian Hawkins and Charles Tunnell), Thea Musgrave's Impromptu No 1 for flute and oboe (with Douglas Whittaker), Poulenc's Sonata and Britten's Temporal Variations (both with Ian Brown), and Alan Richardson's *Allegretto* (with her husband, the composer).

A Concert in Celebration of the life and work of Priaulx Rainier (1903–86) was given in the Wigmore Hall on 28 March. The programme included her string Quartet (Robert Gibbs, David Smith, Antonella Rallo and Hannah Roberts), Grand Duo for cello and piano (Joan Dickson and Joyce Rathbone), Suite for clarinet and piano (Duncan Prescott and Scott Mitchell) and Cycle for Declamation (Philip Langridge); and Schubert's Sonatina in G minor for violin and piano, D 408 (Clare McFarlane and Amanda Hurton) and Mozart's Quartet in F for oboe and strings, K 370 (Tess Miller, Perry Hart, Brian Hawkins and Jonathan Williams).

Members of the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra dedicated to the memory of Maurice Handford (1928–86) a performance of Herbert Howells's *Stabat Mater* that was broadcast 'live' from Manchester on 31 March. The concert, which featured Adrian Thompson (tenor) and the Hallé Choir, was conducted by Edward Downes. Later the same evening the BBC broadcast Maurice Handford's last studio recording with the Langham Chamber Orchestra, of the Serenade, Op 11 by Dag Wirén, and the Serenade, Op 31 by Britten, in which the soloists were Maldwyn Davies (tenor) and Michael Thompson (horn). On 15 May, in the Duke's Hall, Simon Rattle conducted the RAM Symphony Orchestra in Elgar's 'Enigma' Variations and Brahms's first Symphony as a Tribute to Maurice Handford.

Carmel Kaine and Philip Jenkins gave a violin and piano recital in the Duke's Hall on 27 May as a Tribute to Frederick Grinke (1911–87); the programme consisted of Beethoven's Sonata in G, Op 96 and Bartók's first Sonata.

Distinctions

DBE

Elizabeth Maconchy, CBE, Hon RAM, FRCM

CBE

George Guest, MA, Mus B (Cantab), Mus D (Lambeth), Hon RAM, FRCO, FRSCM

MBE

William Llewellyn, B Mus (Lond), FRAM, Hon RCM

FRAM

Richard Butt; Peter Cropper, Hon MA (Manchester, Hon M Mus (Sheffield), M Mus (Keele); Philip Fowke; David Rendall; Martin Ronchetti; Christopher Van Kampen

Hon RAM

Alicia De Larrocha; Lynn Harrell; Peter le Huray, MA, Mus B, Ph D (Cantab); Karl Leister; Jessye Norman, BM (Washington), M Mus (Michigan), Hon D Mus (Howard, University of the South, Sewanee, Boston Conservatory), Commandeur de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres; Karlheinz Stockhausen, Bundesverdienstkreuz (etc); Richard Van Allen; Angus Watson

Hon FRAM

Robert Ogden, FCA

ARAM

Jocelyn Abbott; Rosemary Ashe; Alan Gold; Bernard King; Brian Large; Richard Mapp; Anne Marsden Thomas, B Mus (Lond), FRCO; Mark Tatlow, MA (Cantab), M Mus (Lond), FTCL; Anton Weinberg; Kam Kee Yong

Hon ARAM

Megan Brady

FLCM

Philip Jenkins, FRAM

Birth

Suart: to Richard and Susan Suart (*née* Cook) a daughter, Catherine Frances, 26 February 1987

Deaths

Francis Bradley, 29 November 1986

Leslie Hatfield, MBE, ARAM, 1986

Elizabeth Poston, FRAM, 17 March 1987

Rita Sharpe, FRAM, April 1987

Phyllis Tate, FRAM, 29 May 1987

Her Grace, Viola, Dowager Duchess of Westminster, 3 May 1987

RAM Club News

Mark Wildman

The first social meeting of the New Year took place on 26 January. On this occasion the club was delighted to welcome a distinguished cellist of the younger generation, Caroline Dale, and her accompanist, Piers Lane. They presented a recital of music by Vivaldi, Debussy, Chopin and Brahms. The performances were admired and enjoyed by a large and most appreciative audience. The Club is most grateful to Miss Dale and Mr Lane for so generously giving of their time in their very full concert schedule.

It was entirely appropriate that the Spring meeting took the form of 'The President's Birthday Concert'. Sixty-nine cellists came from far-flung corners of the British Isles to pay an affectionate tribute to their mentor and friend, our President, Florence Hooton. The rich and varied programme included the Davidoff *Hymne* for massed cellos; the Concerto in B flat by Boccherini, in which Richard May was the splendid soloist; *Grave Mysterioso and Rhumba* for twelve cellos by Gerard Le Feuvre, who directed his own work; *Technique with a smile* by Florence Hooton; Martinů's *Variations on a theme of Rossini* for cello and piano played by Robert Max and Rebecca Holt; the *Divertimento* by Gordon Jacob, which had been especially composed for Florence Hooton; and finally the Prelude from Bach's Suite in G, in which all sixty-nine cellists played. This remarkable concert was enjoyed and appreciated by a very large Duke's Hall audience. Our own thanks and appreciation go out in full measure to Florence, the orchestra and all the cellists for all that they did to make this concert such a memorable occasion.

The Committee continues to meet regularly to transact the business of the Club. At the time of writing the Annual Dinner is on the horizon. We anticipate another well attended successful evening. The preparations for next season are almost complete. Details of the Programme of Events will be sent to members in September. We are already making plans for the Club's Centenary which falls in the 1988-9 season. Watch this space, as they say!

Alterations and additions to List of Members

Anderson, Judith, 8 Ramsay Close, Brookmans Park, Hatfield, Hertfordshire, AL9 6NP
 Ashman, David, Basement Flat, 276 Camden Road, NW1
 Cooper, Rachel, 2 Kennedy Court, Shirehall Lane, NW4 2PD
 Ford, Trevor, 151 Mount View Road, N4 4JT
 Hambling, G J C, 32 St Michael's Gardens, South Petherton, Somerset, TA13 5RD
 Hirose, Chiharu, Flat 1, 138 Tufnell Park, N7 0DX
 Liddell, Nona, 28b Ravenscroft Park, Barnet, Hertfordshire, EN5 4NH
 Mackenzie, Kirstine, 146 Albyn Road, SE8 4NO
 Morby, Julia, 34 Bell Lane, Amersham, Buckinghamshire
 Ota, Yuriko, 12 Eton Avenue, N12 0BB
 Rich, Antony, 14 Brocket Court, Vincent Road, Luton, Bedfordshire, LU4 9BD
 Dr Vries, Mrs Susan, c/o 67 Lansdowne Road, W11 2LG
 Ware, J M Waldeck, Green Lane, Temple Ewell, Dover, Kent, CT16 3AS
 Wolff, Marilyn, 2 Belvedere Road, Oxford, OX4 2AZ

RAM Concerts

Spring Term

Messiaen Festival events

16 March
 Introductory lecture by Roger Nichols

17 March
Messiaen *O sacrum convivium*
Messiaen *Oiseaux exotiques*
Messiaen *Cinq rechants*
 Chamber Choir
Conductor Geoffrey Mitchell
 Manson Ensemble
Conductor Nicholas Wilks
 Anthony Williams (piano)

Stravinsky Symphonies of wind instruments
Messiaen *Chronochromie*
Debussy *Prélude à L'après-midi d'un faune*
Messiaen *Trois petites liturgies de la Présence Divine*
 Sinfonia and Opera Orchestra
 Ladies' Choir
Conductors Nicholas Cleobury, Iain Ledingham
Soloists Tristan Murail (Ondes Martenot), Andrew West (piano)
Leaders Rosalind Butler, Sarah White



Messiaen at a Repertory Orchestra rehearsal conducted by Colin Metters

Photograph by Suzie E Maeder

18 March

Lecture demonstration on the ondes martenot by Tristan Mural

Messiaen Four Préludes

Jeremy Allen, Carol Yu (piano)

Messiaen La merle noir

Janet Larsson (flute), Richard Shaw (piano)

George Benjamin Three Studies

George Benjamin (piano)

Boulez Sonatina

Marius Schreker (flute), Susan Bradshaw (piano)

Manson/Josiah Parker Prize Concert

Adjudicator Tristan Mural

Paul Pellay Songs and Interludes

Sheila Nolan Machine; Construction I

Neil Carey Conflict

Charles Uzor Canto I

Soloist Rebecca Lodge (soprano)

Manson Ensemble

Conductor Neil Thomson

Poulenc Three songs from Fiançailles pour rire

Poulenc Deux poèmes de Louis Aragon

Jane Webster (soprano), Roger Steptoe (piano)

Messiaen Les offrandes oubliées

Roussel Bacchus et Ariane, Op 43, Suite No 2

Ravel Piano Concerto in G

Messiaen Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum

Repertory Orchestra

Conductor Colin Metters

Soloist Chang-Rok Moon (piano)

Leader Jill Renshaw

19 March

Henry W Richards Organ Prize Final

Adjudicator Olivier Messiaen

Messiaen Messe de la Pentecôte

Winner Carlton Etherington

Messiaen Poèmes pour Mi (2–5, 7, 8)

Carol Lesley-Green, Claire Seaton, Caroline Taylor, Nancy Yuen (sopranos)

Jonathan Papp, Andrew West (piano)

Messiaen Île de Feu I & II

Andrew Rapps (piano)

Messiaen Neumes rythmiques

Nicholas Oliver (piano)

Messiaen Catalogue d'Oiseaux: Le Courlis cendré

Emily White (piano)

Messiaen Catalogue d'Oiseaux: L'Alouette Calandrelle

Ruth Herbert (piano)

Mural Estuaire

Adrian Sutcliffe (piano)

Charles Uzor Canto I (winning work of Manson/Josiah Parker Prize)

Soloist Rebecca Lodge (soprano)

Manson Ensemble

Conductor Neil Thomson

Stockhausen Der kleine Harlekin

John Durant (clarinet), Christopher Brannick (side drum)

Messiaen Quatuor pour la Fin du Temps

Scott Mitchell (piano), Anthony Moffat (violin), Ivan McCready (cello), Duncan Prescott (clarinet)

20 March

Messiaen Trois mélodies

Beverley McKeown (soprano), Juliet Edwards (piano)

Jolivet Maña (selections)

Yoko Ono (piano)

Daniel-Lesur Trois poèmes de Cécile Sauvage

Clara Miller (soprano), Juliet Edwards (piano)

Melanie Daiken Requiem (first performance)

Melanie Daiken (piano)

Messiaen Thème et Variations

Peter Sheppard (violin), Rupert Burleigh (piano)

Messiaen Turangalîla-Symphonie

Symphony Orchestra

Conductor John Carewe

Soloists Yvonne Loriod (piano), Tristan Murail (ondes martenot)

Leader Jayne E Harris

21 March

Demonstration of electro-acoustic instruments by Tristan Murail

and Françoise Pellié-Murail

(RAM Junior Academy event)

Messiaen Méditations sur le Mystère de la Sainte Trinité

Christopher Bowers-Broadbent (organ)

(in St Pancras Church: opening concert of the 1987 Camden Festival)

Round-table Forum

Felix Aprahamian, Melanie Daiken, Tristan Murail, George Benjamin, John Carewe, Christopher Bowers-Broadbent (in St Pancras Church)

Messiaen Des canyons aux étoiles

Manson Ensemble

Conductor John Carewe

Soloists Yvonne Loriod (piano), Michael Thompson (horn)

Leader Peter Sheppard

(in St Pancras Church)

22 March

Piano Master-class with Yvonne Loriod and George Benjamin

Messiaen Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant-Jésus

John Adams, John Wood, Andrew Hubbard, Julian Evans, James Kirby, Eve Egoyan, Sarah Morley (piano)

(in St Marylebone Parish Church)

Westmorland Concerts, in the Purcell Room, were given on 11 February by The Croft Ensemble (Caroline Balding, violin, Jennifer Stinton, flute, Michael Mace, cello, and Aisling Heneghan, harpsichord); on 4 March by Annemarie Sand (mezzo-soprano) and Nicholas Bosworth (piano), and Jean Owen (bassoon) and Hilary Punshon (piano); and on 25 March by David Barrell (baritone) and Steven Naylor (piano).

Cher Félix Aprahamian,
Si plait-il que je vous ai jumé
dédicacé ma meilleure partition,
à vous, mon meilleure ami ?
Espresso que la magnifique

Nomenclature des Instruments

Exécution
de Manchester,
le 10 décembre
1974,
Yvonne Loriod
de bedug
son venit, ch
couleur,
diucom di
5 de rythmes...

Célesta (sonne une octave plus haut que la notation.)

Vibraphone (est écrit à la hauteur réelle).

Maracas (2 maracas tenus par le même exécutant.)

Cymbale chinoise (registre médium) (1 exécutant).

Tam-Tam (registre grave) (1 exécutant).

Chœur de 18 voix de femmes à l'unisson
(des soprani et quelques mezzo et contralti).

Piano solo (grand piano à queue de concert).

Onde Martenot solo.

Quintette à cordes comprenant :

4 1^{ers} Violons

4 2^{ds} Violons

3 Altos

3 Violoncelles

2 Contrebasses

Félix
Aprahamian

(Chaque instrument à cordes est fréquemment soliste).



Photograph by Suzie E Maeder

Poulenc's *The Carmelites*: *The Sisters*

Opera

Poulenc 'The Carmelites'

12, 13, 16 and 17 February

Marquis de la Force Andrew Mayor/Andrew Forbes

Chevalier de la Force Christopher Ventris/Medwyn Williams

Blanche de la Force Sonja Janse Van Rensburg/Helen Astrid

Thiérry John Archer/David Ashman

Mme de Croissy Amanda Lob/Denise Hector

Sister Constance of St Denis Sarah Jefferies/Nancy Yuen

Mother Jeanne of the Child Jesus Gaynor Keeble

Sister Mathilde Gemma Carruthers

Mother Gérald Annie Deery

Sister Claire Claire Seaton

Sister Antoine Antonia Francis

Sister Catherine Siân Britton

Sister Felicity Clara Miller

Sister Gertrude Annwen Jenkins

Sister Alice Helen Bowyer

Sister Valentine Joanne Rondel

Sister Anne of the Cross Philippa Daly

Sister Martha Rebecca Lodge

Sister St Charles Fiona Miller

Mother Marie of the Incarnation Sidonie Winter/Susan Parry

M Javelinot Charles Gibbs/Nicolas Cavallier

Mme Lidoine Caroline Taylor/Carol Lesley-Green

Father Confessor Nicholas Hills

First Commissary Clifford Lister

Second Commissary David Ashman/John Archer

First Officer Adrian Parsons

Gaoler Nicolas Cavallier

Servants, Soldiers, Guards, Townspeople John Archer, David Ashman, Kathy Brown, Colin Cree, Sylvia Galloway, Michael Harpham, Johanna Laurence, Clifford Lister, Helen Marriott, Beverley McKeown, Miachaela Noakes, Adrian Parsons, Kevin Potton, Samantha Robertson, Kathryn Tierney, Dawn Williamson
Conductor Nicolas Cleobury

Director Norman Ayrton

Designer Douglas Heap

Stage Management Amanda McCaffrey, Angela Burke, Carol Kupisz

Lighting Cathi Alchin, Shalani Maragh

Electricians Belinda Roche, Nigel Hills

Wardrobe Margaret Adams, Susan Parry, Dawn Williamson

Assistant Conductor Rupert D'Cruze

Répétiteurs Iain Ledingham, Mary Nash, John Shea, Patricia Smith, David White

Leader of the Opera Orchestra Sarah White

Director of Opera Norman Ayrton

Assistant to the Director of Opera Mary Nash

Principal Conductor Nicholas Cleobury

Movement Teacher Karen Bell-Kanner



Poulenc's *The Carmelites*: *Blanche* (Sonja Janse Van Rensburg) and
Sister Constance (Sarah Jefferies) Photograph by Suzie E Maeder

